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The EXAMINER.

From Friday February 26, to Monday March 1, 1713.

Plurimum audaciæ, plurimum conſilii. Nullo labore corpus fatigari, aut animus vinci poterat. Inhumana crudelitas, perfidia pluſquam Punica. Nihil ſancti, nullus Deorum metus, nullum Jus jurandum, nulla religio. Livy.

THE late Fermentations have had one very good Effect, which attones, in ſome meaſure, for many bad Ones. Now *Faction* begins to run off, and to be drawn low, we ſee plainly how large and groſs a Body remains behind; and of what ſowre unwholeſome Humours it conſiſts. This Enquiry, however Nauſeous and Unpleaſant in it ſelf, is of great uſe, and abſolutely neceſſary towards forming a right Judgment of our preſent Corruptions; that the Infection may be more eaſily cur'd, and the proper Purgations ſo well apply'd, as to reſtore the whole Maſs to its original Vigour and Purity. When I mention the preſent Sett of *Whigs*, I am not going to reflect upon the *Whigs* of King *Charles*'s Reign, nor upon their Succeſſors the *Revolution-Whigs*, nor yet upon thoſe moderate *Whigs* ſtill in being, who lie bye and are quiet, tho' perhaps they do not come into all the Meaſures that have lately been taken by the Government: But I confine that Name wholly to the active Turbulent Creatures of the Party, *thoſe Beaſts of the People*, who daily trouble and infeſt us; oppoſing every good Deſign that is Projected for the Eaſe and Welfare of Themſelves and their Fellow-Subjects, and who are more fully comprehended under the Term, *Faction*. This Apoſtate degenerate Race of Men are that foul Sediment and Collection of unwholeſome Dregs, which, upon the leaſt Change of Weather or appearance of a Storm, put themſelves in Motion, riſe to the Surface, and for a long time diſorder the whole Body Politick, before it can be again ſettled and becalm'd. The Conduct of theſe People is ſuch, that it naturally leads every common Obſerver into a true and exact Character of them: Which, the Juſter it is, looks ſo much the more like Malice and Detraction; by reaſon of thoſe very black Colours and deep Stains of Jet, in which it muſt of neceſſity be drawn. I am ſorry for the Sake of humane Nature, that there ſhould be ſuch a *Species* of Rational Beings any where in the World; and much more ſorry for our own Sakes, that of all the Climes and Soils under Heaven, they ſhould take up their Reſidence in *Great Britain*.

As to their Notions of *Religion*, it is ſtrange, that among ſo many, which they have been Tampering with, and out of that Medley of Parcels have laid together ſuch a bulky Rabble of Followers, they ſhould not be able to pick one good One; at leaſt ſo good, as not to have its chiefeſt Precepts and Doctrines openly exploded and rejected, ſoon after the Reception. Let the *Whigs* call over the *Catalogue* of their *Sects* and *Schiſms*, and if I do not charge each of them with ſeveral notorious Inconſiſtencies and Innovations, within the compaſs of a few Years, and make good that Charge by uncontеſted Evidence; I will be content to hazard all, with the next Tranſitory Scheme that comes under their Direction. Every *Hereſy* is the worſe for them, as well as the true Religion; and it is to their Honour, that we can put them in mind of the famous *Æra* of *Forty One*, becauſe we thereby candidly own, that they have not yet Corrupted Themſelves beyond all Precedents and Example. When they are Sick of this Subject of *Religion*, which is often the Caſe, and would Appeal from thence to *Nature*, one would think they ſhould chuſe to Regulate their Meaſures by Nature tame and civiliz'd, by Nature purify'd and regenerate; who would not fail to dictate quite other Sentiments of Candour, Benevolence and Humanity to them, than thoſe, which at preſent ſo remarkably diſtinguiſh their Behaviour towards their Fellow-Creatures.

Their Notions of *Government* are as unaccountable as thoſe of *Religion*. They will not bear to hear of a *Divine Right* in *Speculation*, nor pay any Regard to a *Humane Right* in *Practice*. They ſay, they are the *Original of Government*; and juſt ſo *Confuſion* was the Original of *Order*; but it does not therefore follow, that *Order* muſt be regulated according to *Confuſion*. In plain downright Terms, the World is divided into *Sovereign* and *Subject*; and if they cannot be the Firſt, they will diſplace thoſe Terms, and make the *Subject* the Higher of the *Two*: If they cannot Govern, they will not be Sociable; which, in effect, is a Violation of the Rights of Nature, upon the Authority of its Vices and Corruptions. They exempt Themſelves from *Written Laws*, by an Appeal to *Original Compacts* and *Statutes Reſerved*; which, becauſe they are wholly in their own Keeping, and Inacceſſible to others, muſt therefore of conſequence be Interpreted by Themſelves; and unleſs they could forget Self-Intereſt, always in their own Favour. *Monarchy* is their Averſion upon the moſt ſolid and durable Principles: For whenever they are in Poſſeſſion, they ſoon debaſe it into *Tyranny*; and if at any time they take their Turn of being *Subjects*, it is not enough for them that this ſort of Government is *Mixt* and *Limited* to a very great degree, unleſs they can ſtill have it in their Power to Shock and Overturn it. They will Harangue upon the Glory of Reigning over the *Hearts* and *Affections*, rather than over the *Bodies* of Men; but then they never diſpoſe of their Hearts, till their Ambition is firſt gratify'd. They ſay, the *Safety* and *Good* of the *People* is the *Supream Law*: But by the *People* they mean Themſelves; and they are the ſole Judges of that *Law*, that *Good*, and that *Safety*. When they are the *Minor Part*, they give out, that every individual Man ought to have a Liberty of Diſſenting and Thinking freely; then of Speaking and Writing freely, in order to convince Others; at laſt of Acting freely; that is, of Reſiſting and Compelling Others: But when they are the *Majority*, they ſay, Moſt Voices decide all Things, and every Member of the Community is included. They firſt make *Caſes of Neceſſity*, and then plead them in Excuſe for any Thing. They keep a *Reſerve* for every Duty and Obligation to Obedience, and make Laws for Nature againſt her Conſent: But to be Loyal and adhere to the Conſtitution, in oppoſition to their Meaſures, is Bigotry and Slavery. They cry out againſt *King-craft* and *Prieſt-craft*, whilſt there are any Rights belonging to thoſe two Offices, which they have not Uſurped or Invaded; but their own *Whig-craft* is a Glorious Cauſe, the Cauſe of Liberty and Religon. They take ſo much Delight in War, that rather than be Idle and Unactive, they will ſet the moſt quiet and peaceable Words in the *Engliſh Tongue* together by the Ears; and thereby render Converſation, which is the greateſt Proof of our being Rational and Sociable Creatures, a no leſs palpable Mark of Brutality. They keep the *Subſtance* of *Popery*, ſo far as concerns *Civil Affairs*, for their own Uſe: But the Word, *Popery* is reſerv'd for their Enemies; without being ſet to ſignify any thing elſe, but that they do not like them: For they have ſo far loſt the Original Meaning of the Word, that of late it is commonly brought in to deſcribe *a very Honeſt Man*. They can never be Oppreſs'd, becauſe Rebellion is a Duty; and therefore whenever they Clamour or Mutiny, it is not becauſe they are kept under, but becauſe they are not uppermoſt. Every *King* is a Tyrant, unleſs they can be *Tyrants* over him: and their *Liberty* to do any thing, is, in ſubſtance, the ſame with

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the most Absolute uncontroulable Power. They look upon their own *Property*, as secur'd by the indefeazable Right of *Possession*; and that of the Publick, as a common Scramble. All their Actions tend to the Monopoly of Dominion, and their Schemes to Anarchy and Confusion: For whether they Aspire Themselves, or can Level Others, either way they are sure of getting Uppermost.

Consider them as they stand in a more particular Relation to their Country, as they are Subjects of *Great Britain*, and their Principles, when apply'd, will appear in a much more surprizing Light, to all just and impartial Observers upon their Conduct. I shall not introduce the several Parts of their Character by any such strenuous Assertions, as —— *I Insist* —— *I assert and declare* —— *I challenge and defy* —— or, *It is demonstrable and notorious* —— Which, in some late Tracts, have only serv'd to put the *Giant* before the *Dwarf*, by leading the way to the most ridiculous Absurdities, and most pompous Trifles in Nature: But I shall draw my Remarks in exact resemblance to strict *Fact*, and keep the *Publick Occurrences* in View as I go. Who does not plainly see, that instead of the *Good Old* English *Constitution*, we have now an uncouth gaudy Superstructure set up, to load and encumber it; and *Faction* and *Government* are put upon a Level, in the Affections of the People. We have *one Queen* and *Parliament*, and the *Whigs* another; and to let us see how far they have out-done all the Men of Mischief in former Ages, even our best Things are corrupted; and they have labour'd all they could, to take away the Difference between *Publick Curses* and *Publick Blessings*. *Religion* is split, and crumbled, and divided into so many Parts, that it is almost lost and utterly abolish'd, for want of those uniting Principles, which are necessary to its very Being. *Liberty* is a *Fury* under the Title of a *Goddess*: By Broils and Contention, Noise and Clamour, she has almost deserv'd to be always in danger. *Publick Credit* is so far made Criminal, that every Man in effect calls himself *Fool*, who trusts that Government he dare not speak well of, without being thought unfaithful to his Friends, and a deserter of his Party. The old Duties of *Obedience* and *Submission*, of *Deference* and *Respect* to *Men in Authority*, are explain'd *another way* by *modern Apostles*, and in vertue of *another kind* of *Inspiration*. 'Tis true we do not hear of a Rupture and open Rebellion; but still the *Faction* treat the *Government* as a contemptible Enemy, and therefore give her Odds: For they think they shall be able to do Mischief enough with their *Heads*, tho' their *Hands* are ty'd behind them. They know they can be sufficiently troublesome, without incurring the Law; and therefore redouble the Attack in the weakest Place, and lie as close to *High Treason* as ever they can. They take the Advice which some of the Duke of *Monmouth*'s Counsellors gave him; to rise in that Reign of Mercy and Lenity, when he was sure to be Forgiven. There is not the least shadow of Oppression or Violence, which can be charg'd upon the Government; and therefore they are obliged to suppose a *Secret Meaning*, an *Implicit Cause of Complaint*, before themselves give a real and substantial One. If there are any *Tyrants* now among us, they have chang'd Places, and have got below: For where is the Difference between a Liberty to do as they please, and the most despotick Power? They talk of *Nero*, and use his Name but Scurvily; tho' at the same time they come as near as possible to the three most remarkable Instances of his Cruelty: They are the *Incendiaries*, who have set our *Capital* on Fire, and are now warming their Hands at the Blaze, and shout and rejoice at the successful Mischief. They have ript up their Country, the *Mother* who bore them, and have display'd her Nakedness and Shame to the World, out of a worse Principle than that of *Curiosity*: And whoever treats them, as a *Good Christian* ought to do, either by shewing them their Errors, or pressing them to a Reformation, is, in return, brought out upon a Stage, dressed up in a *Bear*'s *Skin* or *Wolf*'s *Skin*, and then Baited by the whole Kennel of their Beagles and Blood-hounds. There's not a *False Friend* abroad, nor an *Open Enemy* at home, with whom they have not sided, in opposition to *Great Britain*. They Insist loudly for making Good our *Publick Securities*, and yet will never leave till they have rais'd the only Storm and Disorder, that can possibly weaken and overthrow them. They set Precedents for *Perjury*, and preach up *Cases of Reserve* and *Dispensation*, and then guess at the Regard that others pay to *Oaths*, from a full Knowledge of their own loose Consciences and slippery Disposition. No Body blames their Zeal for the *Oath of Abjuration*; but why should that be an Indulgence for their breaking the *Oaths* of *Supremacy* and *Allegiance* every Day of their Lives? Let them, if they please, mistake *War* and *Poverty* for *National Blessings*, and *Fraud* and *Rapine* for real *Services* to their Country: But yet when a *Peace* is made, tho' it were an unsafe One, why will they not stay some little time, till it is again broken; and be as easie in the mean while, as the rest of their Fellow Subjects, whom they have taught to value *Liberty* at least as well as themselves? Instead of this, they are Restless and Turbulent; and because Confusion is their last Game, seem resolv'd to look out for Play-fellows to begin it. They have lost *Hotspur* and their *Douglass*, and therefore cannot forbear that Rant of an *Old Traitor*.

Let Heav'n kiss Earth: Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a Stage,
To feed Contention in a lingring Act;
But let one Spirit of the First-born Cain
Reign in all Bosoms, that each Heart being set
On Bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead.

After so melancholy an Account, nothing can so well divert us, as the short History of their *Fears* and *Apprehensions*. They are the saddest Fellows, that ever yet made a Company laugh. *Will Pinkethman* in the *Humourous Lieutenant*, comes off much better, when he peeps into *Prince Demetrius*'s Apartment, and cries out, *A Gun! A Gun!* But then after a nearer View, and a short Pause, corrects himself, and says — *Oh — 'Twas only a Fire-Shovel.* —— Instead of this, they rise in their Account. Every *Fire-Shovel* is a *Gun*, every *Gun* a *Cannon*, and every *Cannon* aim'd at their *Magazine*. But that they may never more open their Mouths upon this Subject in such a manner, that either we are *Fools* if we believe them, or they *Cowards* if they believe themselves; I shall shew them, that we too in our Turns, and without any great straining of Imagination, can give them *Fear* for *Fear*, and *Jealousy* for *Jealousy*: And this I shall do, by confronting our Scheme with theirs; leaving Mankind to judge, which of the Two Parties guesses best at their own Weakness.

Whig Fears.	TORY Fears.
Popery and the *Pretender*.	*A Gen—l* and *Junta*.
Wooden-Shoes. A *Spunge*.	*A National Mortgage*.
A *French* Government.	*A Stratocracy*.
Abby Lands. The *Clergy* unmarry'd.	*A New War*.
	Seven Millions a-Year.
Bulls and *Anathema's*.	*Forty One*.
Bonfires in *Smithfield*.	

Out of these two Schemes, both Sides have free Leave to chuse the Notes and Stops, and other Musical Variations, for each other's mutual Entertainment; provided it consist of the vocal Part only. But how near soever these Words may seem to resemble *Raw-head* and *Bloody bones*, still I have that Confidence in an *Overruling Providence*, a *good Cause*, a *wise Queen*, and a *faithful Ministry*, as to believe, that many a *Whig* may die a *natural Death*, and many more a *violent One*, whilst this terrible Din remains as it did, mere Air, and the empty *Eccho* of big Sounds, at a very great distance.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had a Letter on *Friday* last, which I suppose to have come from the Author of *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*, &c. wherein he desires I would let the World know, That he owns himself in a Mistake in the 22d *Page*, where he says, *He doth not remember that an Union was ever thought on by any, except King* James I. *and and the late King* William; for he hath been since told, That some Overtures were made to that End, in the Reigns of other Princes. He complains likewise of some literal Mistakes of the Printer, particularly *P.* 15. *L.* 2. where, instead of *First Day in Lent*, it is printed, *First Sunday in Lent*: But these and the like Errors, a judicious Reader will easily Correct.

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